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THE OBSERVATOR.

The last Will *and* Teſtament *of Mr.* Benjamin Dod, *who lately fell from his Horſe, and Dy'd ſoon after. With Obſervations on ſeveral Particulars in that* Will.

From **Saturday** June the 29th, to **Wednesday** July the 3d, 1706.

Country-m. MAſter *Obſervator*, I have got the *High-Churchmans* Will: Here it is. *The* WILL *of Mr.* Benjamin Dod, *Citizen, and Linnen-Draper, who lately fell from his Horſe, and Died ſoon after.*

Obſ. Thou haſt done well, *Roger*, becauſe the *High-Churchmen* ſaid you and I were *Lyars*; and that there was no ſuch thing, nor nothing like it.

Country-m. We never told any *Lies* yet; if we had we might ha' been as eaſie as Mr. *Rehearſal*, provided we *Lyed* to Pleaſe ſome People as he does. Look-ye, Maſter, here is the *Will*; but I will read you only that part of it, which ſhows what a ſort of *Churchmen* we have in *England*, who make a Boaſt of *High-Principles*, and want to engroſs the *Government*, and all the Places of *Profit* and *Truſt* in the Kingdom.

" *Item.* I deſire Four and Twenty Perſons to " be at my Burial, out of which Mr. *James Low*, " Mr. *Thomas Hatton*, Mr. *Edward Atkins* Mr. " *Zacharia Craddock*, Mr. *John Stephens* of *White-* " *Chapple*, and Mr. *Benjamin Shute*, to be *Pall-* " *Bearers.* But if any of them be Abſent or " Dead, I deſire Mr. *Robert Atkins* to appoint " Others in their room. To every of which " Four and Twenty Perſons, ſo to be Invited to " my Funeral, I give a Pair of *White Gloves*, a " a *Ring* of Ten Shillings Value, a Bottle of " *Wine* at my Funeral, and half a Crown to be " ſpent at their return that Night, to Drink " my Souls Health, then on Her Journey for " *Purification*, in Order to *Eternal Reſt.* I ap- " point the Room where my *Corps* ſhall lie to be " hung with *Black*, and Four and Twenty *Wax* " *Candles* to be Burning; on my *Coffin* to be af- " fixed a *Croſs*, and this Inſcription, *Jeſus Ho-* " *minum Salvator.* I alſo appoint my *Corps* to " be carry'd in a *Hearſe*, drawn with ſix *White* " *Horſes*, with *White Feathers*, and follow'd by " Six *Coaches*, with Six *Horſes* to each *Coach*, to " carry the Four and Twenty Perſons. I deſire " Mr. *John Spicer* may Make the *Eſchutcheons*, " and appoint an *Undertaker* who ſhall be a " Noted *Churchman.* What *Relations* have a " Mind to come to my Funeral, may do it " without Invitation. Now, Maſter, what ſay you to this *High-Church* Will? Did not the *Man* Die a *Papiſh?*

Obſ. It ſeems ſo. But I am rather of Opinion that he Dy'd, as he Lived, of no *Religion* at all. And, indeed, do but ſtrictly enquire into the *Principles* and *Practice* of *High-Church*, its *Devotes* are *Atheiſts*, and can be no otherwiſe: They deny our Bleſſed *Saviour* the Right of Governing His own *Church*, and ſubject the *Almighty Power* to *Humane Authority.* Their whole *Religion* conſiſts in meer *Notion*, is a meer *Ens Rationis*, an *Idea*, a *Chimæra.*

You may ſee here what a confus'd Notion this poor Deluded Wretch had of the Soul. Without doubt ſome *Nonjuring Prieſt*, or what is the ſame thing under another Name, ſome *Popiſh Prieſt* had given him the *Abſolution* and extream *Unction*, and ſo Liquor'd his *Boots* for his Journey to *Purgatory*, which the *High-Church Cant* calls the Souls *Purification:* And this made him think of leaving half a Crown a peice to his Companions to Drink his *Souls* Health on Her Journey, but he does not tell them whether She made Her Journey on Foot, or on Horſe-Back, or whether She fled in the *Air* like a *Bird*, or whether She paſs'd the *Ætherial Spaces*, Seated on the *Charriot* of a *Cloud*, Driven by the Power of the *Winds.*

Country-m. I'll warrant him he would not let his Soul ride a Horſe-back if he could help it, for fear it ſhould have the ſame Fate with his Body; Maſter, I would not have you think I ſpeak *Atheiſtically*, I know the Soul as ſoon as it departs this Body of *Corruption*, of *Sin* and *Death*, is in the twinkling of an Eye, in the 50th part of a Minute, either in a State of *Joy* or *Miſery*, but I ſpeak now as a *High-Church man*, like Mr. *Dod*, who makes the Soul Material, and ſends her on a Journey to *Purification*, but does not tell us whether to *Oxford* or *Cambridge.*

Obſ. Indeed, *Roger*, theſe *High-Churchmen* have ſtrange Notions of a Future State, and would do well to tell us the length of the Souls way from its departure from the Body to the Place of *Purification.* Mr. *Dod* Dy'd on his Journey from *Oxford*, 'twas ſome Days after that he was Buried, and yet at that time his Soul was on its Journey, and his Drunken Companions were then to Drink its Health in its way to *Purification.*

Country-m. Maſter, we know now that Four and Twenty Half-Crowns is ſufficient to drink the Souls Health to *Purgatory*; but I am at a loſs to know how much is ſufficient to drink it out again.

Obſ. The Soul is Pray'd, not Drunk, out of *Purgatory*; that's done by the help of *Ave-Maries* and *Maſſes*, for which the *Prieſts* have a round Sum.

Country-m. Aye, Maſter, that's out of the Old *Papiſh-Purgatory*, but the *High-Flyers Purification-Houſe* admits of no Prayers, 'tis all downright Drinking on that ſide; they Drink one another Dead, then they Drink their Souls Health on her Journey to *Purification*, and then they Drink her out again; as the Old *Papiſhes* Indent for ſo many *Ave-Maries*, ſo many *Pater-Noſters* and *Maſſes* to help their poor Creatures out of *Purgatory*, So the *Modern Papiſhes*, I mean the *High-Churchmen*, inſtead of theſe, they Drink ſo many Bottles of *Red*, a like Number of *White*, ſo many

many Bottles of *October*, a Power of *Brandy* and Doctor *Stevens*, and out comes their Friends Soul from *Purgatory*, as well as if the *He-Whore* of *Babylon*, and all his Imps had Pray'd for him. Well, Master, I'll say that for the *High-Flyers*, theirs is a pure Merry Drunken *Religion*: If it were not for fear of being *Damn'd*, I would be one of their *Church*; and I'll say that for the Four and Twenty *Elders* of Mr. *Dods Church*, they liv'd well the *Burial-Day*, one Bottle of *Wine* at the *Funeral*, and Half a Crown afterwards, that's four Shillings, besides what they added of their own to make his Soul jog forwards; for *One Spur in the Head is worth two in the Heels.*

I know well enough the meaning of the *Cross* put on his Coffin, but what is the meaning of the *Latin Inscription, Jesus Hominum Salvator?* Were they all *Schollards?*

Obs. The meaning of that Inscription is, *Jesus the Saviour of Mankind.* This is the Motto of the Society of *Jesus*, commonly known by the Name of *Jesuits*, and you find the first Letters of the three Words, *viz. J. H. S.* over the *Cross*, over the Picture of our Saviour and the Virgin *Mary* with her Babe in the Lap; these three Letters written on a Paper and ty'd to the Wrists will Cure all manner of *Fevers* and *Agues*, and was a Charm against those and other Distempers, till the *Cortex*, or *Jesuits Bark* came in Fashion, which is now more esteemed because it will Cure *Hereticks* as well as *Roman Catholicks*, and the Charm would only Cure *Papists.*

Country-m. I'll have none of their *Charms*, nor none of their *Cortex*. I don't believe but my *Oak Bark* is as good as their *Cortex*, of which you have taken a great deal, and yet at every Turn your *Fever* gives you an Unwelcome Visit. I hate *Popery*, *Modern* or *Ancient*, *High-Church Popery*, or *Jesuits Popery*, 'tis all one to me. But what is the meaning of the 24 Wax Candles Burning?

Obs. Truly, *Roger*, I am much at a loss about the *High-Churchmans Religion*, I wish their *Father Confessor*, Dr. *Lesley*, would give us a System of *High-Church Divinity*, as he and his Brethren, the *Tacking-Clergy*, have done of *High-Church Loyalty* and *Politicks.*

The Candles could not be lighted for the sake of the Soul, unless the *High-Churchmen* know the Eyes of their Souls to be as blind as those of their Understandings. Besides, the Soul must at that time ha' been a good way in its Journey, unless it hover'd about the Grave, and in the Room, to see its Old Companion lodg'd in the Dust. It could be of no Advantage to the 24 *Topers*, or *Health-Drinkers*, for the Half-Crowns were to be spent at their return that Night.

Country-m. Well, Master, since you know nothing of the Business we'll make light of the Wax Candles, and proceed to another Article in his *Will*,

" I will have no *Presbyterians*, Moderate *Low-Church-*
" *men*, or *Occasional-Conformists* to be at, or have any thing
" to do with my Funeral. I Die in the Faith of the *True*
" *Catholick-Church.* I desire to have a *Tombstone* over me
" with a *Latin* Inscription, and a *Lamp*, or Six *Wax-Can-*
" *dles* to Burn Seven Days and Nights together there on.

Obs. This is as pretty an Article as t'other: *High-Church Divinity* all over. But I fancy he need not have Excluded the *Presbyterians*, the Moderate *Low-Churchmen*, or the *Occasional-Conformists*, by Name, they are known to be Men of *better Principles* in *Religion*, than to be present at such a Scene of *Popery.*

But this is *High-Church* all over? *Never forgive your Enemy*, is their Maxim. Hate 'em with an Implacable Hatred Living and Dying. Let 'em not come so much as near your Dead Corps for fear of *Infection.* Curse 'em with the last Gasp. I wonder, for my part, he has not left Twenty Four Half Crowns to Twenty Four other Persons to Drink *Confusion* to the *Presbyterians*, Moderate *Low-Churchmen*, and *Occasional-Conformists*, as he did those who Drank a Health to his Souls good Journey.

Country-m. Master, I suppose he did not think of it, or that had been done too. But you find his Enmity lasted to the Dying Minute, tho' his Will had been made a long time before, yet, on his Death-Bed, he would not Garble it, and strike out the effect of his *Malign Spirit.* No, nothing that smelt of any thing but *High-Church*, that is of Moderate *Popery*, must have to do at his Funeral; not so much as the *Undertaker*, poor *Paul Meagre*, the *Dead Cook*, he must be a *Noted Churchman.* I wonder he did not lay the same Injunctions on his *Executors*, in relation to the *Wax-Chandler* and the *Glover*, least the *Candles* should give a *Low-Church* Light, and the *Gloves* should Infect *High-Church* Hands with the *Presbyterian-Itch.*——But, Master, he says he Dies *a Member of the True Catholick-Church.* Pray what *Church* is that?

Obs. As we have two sorts of *Popery*, *Modern Popery*, that is the *Religion* of the *High-Church* of *England*; and *Antient Popery*, that is the *Religion* of the *Church* of Rome so we have two *true Catholick Churches*, and *both* of 'em so Bad and Corrupt, that 'tis needless to enquire into their Foundation; for they are so much alike, that *Lesley*, in his *Regale & Pontificate* has propos'd Methods for their *Union* and *Reconciliation.* But I can assure thee, That neither of these *Churches* is that *Church* of which our *Queen*, under *God* and His *Christ*, is the Head.

Country-m. But, Master, what is the meaning of the *Lamp* or *Wax-Candles* to be Burnt on his *Grave* for seven Days and Nights together?

Obs. That's another *High-Church* Ceremony. We shall in time get the whole *Discipline* of *Modern Popery.* Perhaps they were to be placed there to keep away the *Elves*, the *Phairies*, the *Hobgoblins*, the *Night-Mares*, and *Schreech-Owls*, from Disturbing the sweet Repose of the *High-Church* Carcass.

Honest *Country-man*, it grows Late, and we must leave off with these two Observations. *First*, Here is a just Judgment of God manifest in the Death of two Persons who us'd to Drink a Health to the Horse that threw the Late King *William* of Glorious Memory, and Dy'd themselves by the same Accident. *Secondly*, That every Day we have more and more Discoveries of the *Religion* of those that call themselves *High-Churchmen*; and so, *Roger*, I wish thee a good Repose.

Country-m. Master, I wish you a good Night, with all my Spirit.

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